Take horſe ſweet father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay ſtand not to expoſtulate, make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K. Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
Ah Lancaſter, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſummer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the ſunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* enemy?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry*, hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I and ten thouſand in this wofull Land,
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootleſſe are plaints, and cureleſſe are my wounds,
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold out flight,
The foe is mercileſſe and will not pitty me,
And at their hands I haue deſerude no pitty.
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint,
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the reſt,

I ſtab'd your fathers, now come ſplit my breaſt.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiors.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Courſe, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes purſue the bloudy minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwick* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape,
For though before his face I ſpeake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauy le

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.

Rich. Reuerſe that doome of mercy, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there:
Inſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome:
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall Scritchowle to our hou
That nothing ſung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake.

War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.

Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. Richard, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with ea

Rich. Clifford, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.